

Extracts.

NATIONAL ODE TO THE CENTENNIAL OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.
By EDWARD TAYLOR.

Sun of the steady day,
East Asia into the shadow drift,
Let Europe beat its wings spread,
And over the eastern Ocean lift
A brow of broader splendour!
Give light to the angel eyes
Of the Land that waits to behold thee rise,
The gladden of morning land her,
With the triumph of noon around her,
And the peace of the vernal skies!
For lo! she cometh now
With the sun on the tip and pride on the brow,
Stronger and braver and prouder,
To smile on the love we bear her,
To live, as we dreamed her and sought her,
Liberty's latest daughter!
In the cliffs of the rocks, in the secret places,
We found her traces;
On the hills, in the forest of woods that fall,
We heard her call;
When the lines of battle broke,
When the smoke of the battle smoke,
Turret, fell and again and again,
We followed and found her,
With the grace of a virgin nation
As a sacred zone around her,
Who shall rejoice,
With a righteous voice,
Far heard through the ages, if not else?
For the nation is dumb that defied her,
And she stands acknowledged, and strong and free!

Oh, hark! the solemn undertone
On every word of human speech blown—
A large, divine, moulded fate,
Questions the right and purpose of a State,
Our own as the dust of time.
The far-off yesterday of power
Creeps back with stealthy foot,
Invades the lordship of the hour
And a banquet takes the unbidden seat,
From all unbidden and silent ages,
Before the future that begot the Past,
Till history dated at last
To write eternal words on granite pages,
From Egypt's tawny drift and Assyria's mound,
And where, untried white and scar,
Earthly lightness seems to meet a star,
And men his handiwork by the Ganges found,
Imperial glories of old empires away,
And still by some pale splendour crowned,
Chill as a corpse-lid, in our full-orbed day,
In ghostly grandeur rise,
And say, through story lines and recent eyes,
"Thou that dost stand for freedom, power, and fame,
Declare to us thy claim!"

On the shores of a Continent east,
She won the inviolate seal
By loss of freedom of all the Past,
And faith in the royal right of God,
She planted thence on the savage soil,
Into the wilderness alone
She walked with fearless foot,
In her hand the divinest sword,
"Till she won the mountain's crest
With the feet of metal and force of stone!
She set the speed on the river-bank
To turn the mills of her breast,
She drove her ploughshare deep
Through the prairie's thousand-centred sleep,
To the South, and West, and North,
Her faithful and sole companion,
Where the fisher's fish, snowy starred,
Hee way to the sunset barred,
And the hunter's chase of conquest knew,
Whether in vision of sea or king,
Our ancient blood beats restless in repose,
Challenge of nature unobscured,
A vast and noble's defiant answer long:
For hardship, even in song,
Proclaims the levelled, heroic mood,
This for herself she did, but that which lies,
As over earth she sties,
Blessing all form in one benign glow,
Crowned comeliness, tender care,
Justice, that answers every bonum's prayer,
Freedom where Faith may lead or Thought may dare,
The power of minds that feel,
Fusion of hearts that know,
Purchased by blood and weal,
Guarded by law and steel,
Laid she secured? What blessing on her shield,
In the clear Century's light,
Shines to the world revealed,
Declaring noble triumph, born of Right?

Perseus in this vision of ages,
Terrorful when martyrs bled,
She was born of the longing of ages
By the truth of the noble dead
And the faith of the living led!
No blood in her lightest veins
Frets at remembered chains,
Nor shame of bondage has bowed her head.
The unobscured Puritan will
Cavalier honour, Huguenot grace,
The Quaker truth and earnestness,
And the strength of the danger-glided race
Of Highland blood in a proud completeness,
From the homes of all her kinsmen begin
She took what she gave to man:
Justice that knew no station,
Relief, as she decreed,
Free air for aspiration,
Free faces for independent deed!
She takes, but to give again:
As the sea returns the storm in rain:
And gathers the chosen of her race
From the hunted of every crown and creed,
Her German dwells by a gentle shrine;
Her Ireland seek the old sunburnt thine;
Her France pursues some dream divine;
Her Norway keeps his mountain pine;
Her Italy waits by the Western brine,
And broad-based under all,
Is planted England's oak-hearted mood,
As rich in fortitude
As a wall of adamant,
As a wall of adamant,
As a wall of adamant,
As a wall of adamant,

Down down!
Doff thy human crown;
One hour forget
The glory, and recall the debt!
Make expiation
Of human blood.
For the price of this simulation
Of our people and of strife subdued!
But all the right is created
When Victory yields his prize,
And half the marrow lies,
When old enmities die,
In the night of that love these
Bow to the Greater above thee,
He faith that to smile,
The love of the world's light,
Nor spurs to the east from trial,
And virtue schooled in long denial,
The test that will for thee
In larger parts of property,
Here at the Century's awful shrine
Bow to thy father's God and thine!

Behold she cometh now,
Humbling the chapter of her hundred years
In a solemn, unobscured, and true,
And in her eyes are secret tears.
Can she forget,
In present joy, the burden of her debt,
When for a captive race she won,
Sin gloriously and true,
The total promise of her power begun,
And heard her bosom's grace,
To the sharp wound that only tortures yet?
Can she forget,
The maiden graves her young devotion set,
The hands that clasp above,
From other sides in sad returning love?
Can she forget,
Here, where the Father of today,
The citizen of the tomorrow,
Are equal, thousands to rejoice and pray,
Beside these holy walls are met,
Her birth-right, linked of kinest bliss and sorrow?
Where on July's immortal morn,
Held forth, the people was her head,
And shouted to the world, "The King is dead,"
But let the Father be born,
When first of youth, when every vest of age,
In former, colder, and sager,
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Arise! Bear down thy head
Radiant with blessing of the Dead,
Be thou the Father of the Future,
The prayer that purified thy lips,
The voice of Man's new morning on thy face,
Let no iconoclast
Invade thy rising throne of the Past,
To make a blank where Adams stood,
To touch the Father's abashed and sacred blade,
Spill words on Jefferson and Franklin's head,
Or wash from Freedom's feet the stain of Lincoln's
blood.
Hasten, as from that haunted hall,
Their voices all:
"We lived and died for thee,
We greatly dared that thou mightest be,
So from thy children still
We claim dominion which at last fulfil,
And Freedom yielded to preserve thee free!
Beside our fathers' Right,
That smiles at Power's uplifted rod,
Plant duties that require
And order that sustains upon thy rod,
And stand in station of the nation, who thou
wast a new recruit to thy ranks. After
the departure, the party at once breaks up.
It is no longer usual to send cards or cards
to distant friends; indeed, so completely has
the custom been abandoned, that the notice
in the announcement of the marriage, "No cards,"
is now omitted.
When the bride reaches the altar, she is
the longest time she is in the room, who the
wedding a new recruit to thy ranks. After
the departure, the party at once breaks up.
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man who gave it name. With what de-
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From the private memoirs of his adopted
son and grandchild we learn that a single
servant and a bed and a table in the
prevailing fashion, which was to let it grow
long, powder it with puff-blow made of cotton
yarn, which, with the powder, was carried
in a dressed buckskin pouch, and tied in
a long bundle with a ribbon, behind.
When General Grant gets his hair
combed with more Republican simplicity,
Washington's every-day dress when riding
about the farm was plain drab, but when
President his style and equipage "cor-
responded with the dignity of his exalted
station." His ordinary dinner dress was
a sort of black, his hair powdered and tied
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wrists, a light dress sword, his hair profusely
powdered, fully dressed so as to project at
the sides, and gathered behind in a silk bag
ornamented with a large rose of black ribbon.
His coat had a large pocket on one
side of it. When President Grant delivered
his last inaugural, he was dressed in the
gold and silver dress, which he had de-
clared of diamonds, velvet, ruffs, and
buckles, but he had not so much as a silk
bag about his frozen ears! Washington's
carriage was of a light cream colour, painted
on the panels with beautiful groups by
Olympian representing the four seasons. He
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white rods, which he took back the crowd.
His stables at Mount Vernon were furnished with
thoroughbred horses. When he appeared
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Mrs. Washington he kept a chariot and four
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WEDDING BREAKFAST.

When breakfast in announced, the bride
and bridegroom lead the way and seat them-
selves in the centre of the long table, opposite
the entrance of the room, with the bride
on the left and the bridegroom on the right,
the bride's mother and the bridegroom's father
follow with the bride's mother, and places
her next to the bridegroom. In the in-
terval before breakfast the bride's mother
has signified to different gentlemen, who
are to be taken down, and sometimes ar-
ranged that all the bridesmaids, with the
gentlemen who escort them, sit opposite the
bride, the "best man," taking the head bride-
maid, but there is no absolute rule about
this. We are supposing a sitting-down
breakfast, but another quite as usual
is a standing breakfast, as for a ball supper,
with a few small round tables, for
small parties, at one of which the bride and
bridegroom and their parents sit, while the
others are occupied by the principal guests.
The menu generally consists of soup, cold
salmon, mayonnaise, cold meats, other deli-
cacies of season, or some other delicate
according to the season, cold lamb, ham,
chickens, tongue, and sweets, the table being
tastefully arranged with fruit and flowers.
The menu has generally some silver or
ornamentation about them. Speeches are, happily,
almost out of date; very frequently none are
made at a wedding breakfast. The first of the highest
consideration proposes the health of the
young couple, and the bridegroom returns
thanks, and proposes the health of the
bridesmaids, to which the best man responds.
Sometimes the health of the parents on
both sides is added, but is much
better omitted. Proposing the health
of the bride, cuts the cake, and
as soon as the healths are drunk, returns to
don her travelling attire. It is much to be
desired that the happy pair should leave
early, as otherwise the entertainment is
unnecessarily prolonged, and becomes wear-
some. The bride arrives in the drawing-
room to find her bridesmaids and attendants
occupying the room to witness the
departure. Two white satin slippers, at
least, should be thrown, one by the "best
man," the other by one of the bridesmaids;
it is the farewell—the wishing God-speed,
of the unmarried to those who have just
taken their ranks. Handfuls of rice, if thrown,
should be thrown by the bride and brides-
maids, a new recruit to thy ranks. After
the departure, the party at once breaks up.
It is no longer usual to send cards or cards
to distant friends; indeed, so completely has
the custom been abandoned, that the notice
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long, powder it with puff-blow made of cotton
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His stables at Mount Vernon were furnished with
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powdered, fully dressed so as to project at
the sides, and gathered behind in a silk bag
ornamented with a large rose of black ribbon.
His coat had a large pocket on one
side of it. When President Grant delivered
his last inaugural, he was dressed in the
gold and silver dress, which he had de-
clared of diamonds, velvet, ruffs, and
buckles, but he had not so much as a silk
bag about his frozen ears! Washington's
carriage was of a light cream colour, painted
on the panels with beautiful groups by
Olympian representing the four seasons. He
was preceded by two gentlemen with long
white rods, which he took back the crowd.
His stables at Mount Vernon were furnished with
thoroughbred horses. When he appeared
on horseback it was always with fine equip-
ments, accompanied by the servant. For
Mrs. Washington he kept a chariot and four
horses, with black postillions in livery. The
following order, sent to the London agent,
for the carriage and equipage of the Re-
publican simplicity which would cause a
start in these later days.

What was the old Republican simplicity,
when you get to it? I suppose this socially
corrupt Washington, which so needs reform-
ation, safely stands by the example of the
man who gave it name. With what de-
votion simplicity was to dress and live?
From the private memoirs of his adopted
son and grandchild we learn that a single
servant and a bed and a table in the
prevailing fashion, which was to let it grow
long, powder it with puff-blow made of cotton
yarn, which, with the powder, was carried
in a dressed buckskin pouch, and tied in
a long bundle with a ribbon, behind.
When General Grant gets his hair
combed with more Republican simplicity,
Washington's every-day dress when riding
about the farm was plain drab, but when
President his style and equipage "cor-
responded with the dignity of his exalted
station." His ordinary dinner dress was
a sort of black, his hair powdered and tied
in a black queue, and a very elegant dress
sweater. Who ever saw President Grant
serving his roast beef with an elegant
dress sword? When he addressed the
Hall of Congress in Philadelphia he was
dressed in a full suit of the richest black
velvet, with diamond knee-buckles, and
square silver buckles set upon shoes, ap-
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HONGKONG MARKETS.

As reported by Messrs. Guthrie & Co. 15th August 1876.

Commodity	Price
Opium, 1 lb.	125.00
Opium, 1/2 lb.	62.50
Opium, 1/4 lb.	31.25
Opium, 1/8 lb.	15.62
Opium, 1/16 lb.	7.81
Opium, 1/32 lb.	3.90
Opium, 1/64 lb.	1.95
Opium, 1/128 lb.	0.98
Opium, 1/256 lb.	0.49
Opium, 1/512 lb.	0.24
Opium, 1/1024 lb	